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Desportes, Williams & Co., Proprietors.

A Family Paper, Devoted to Science, Art, Inquiry, Industry and Literature.

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WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 13, 1867.

[NO. 34.]

THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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Selected Poetry.

"THE DEATH OF THE MAIDEN."

Through a forest seer and sober, in the golden clad October,
Autumn winds were softly sighing, Summer
leaves falling, flying,
Dying, dying everywhere.
I was wandering, slowly walking, I was wooing,
lowly talking,
Ah, it seems but yet so lately, with a maid,
enrolled and sworn,
With a maiden faith and fair.
How she lingered as she listened, and her
eyes with tear-drops glistened;
All her be-wild'ring words, came those
words so gently gushing,
Take me, love me, I am thine,
Ah! those words were whispered lowly, ah!
and that vow, it seemed so holy,
Falling sweetly, falling faintly, as a vesper
psalm exultantly,
As a psalmody divine.
Came then sickness, and in anguish day by
day I watched her home me,
Watched her wasting, watched her wasting;
oh! the agony of tasting
Those mad moments of despair,
Vain were all the arts of healing, blight was
o'er her beauty stealing.
Vain our waiting, vain our weeping, cruel
death came creeping, creeping,
Caring not that she was fair.
After one long night of sorrow, ere the
dawning of the morn,
From the tower, burning, gently to
the maiden throng,
Something whispered she is dead,
Doubting, fearing, still uncertain, dreading
yet to lift the curtain,
Something seemed to hover round her, an-
gels then I knew had found her,
Knew I then her soul had fled.
From her cold embrace, they tore me, from
her lifeless form they bore me,
But our souls could not sever; we shall
meet again forever—
Aye, forever hand in hand,
Time is flowing, time is flowing, o'er her
grave the grass is growing,
Wave the willow o'er her weeping, but her
sainted soul is sleeping,
Sweetly in the spirit land.

The Star of Destiny.

When a few centuries shall have
thrown their shadows upon the strange
fortunes of Napoleon, and given to every-
thing about him the tinge of romance,
the story of his first wife will seem to
the student rather a fable than a fact;
he will look upon her as we look
upon Mary of Scotland, but with a deeper
interest; for she, far more truly than
her lord, was from first to last "the child
of destiny."
Told, while yet unmarried, that she
would be a wife, widow, and then Queen
of France—the entire fulfillment of the
first part of the prophecy gave her cour-
age to believe in the last part also when
under sentence of death. When her
bed was taken from her, because she
was to die in the morning, she told her
weeping friends that it was not so, that
she should yet sit upon that throne
on the ruins of which Robespierre then
stood triumphant; and when asked in
mockery to choose her maids of honor
since she was to be queen, she did choose
them, and they were her maids of honor
when half of Europe looked up to her.
On that night, which was to have been
her last on earth, Robespierre fell. Had
he fallen a few days earlier her first hus-
band would have lived, had he lived but
one day later, Josephine would have
been a victim, whose name we have never
heard. But he fell on that night,
and her destiny was accomplished.
She married Napoleon, and through
her and as her husband, he was appointed
the army of Italy: step by step they
rose, till at last the crown rested on
her head. The second part of the
prophecy was proved true, and she be-
gan to look forward to that loss of power
and rank which had also been foretold,
and which was to close the strange drama
of her life.
And he that wedded the child of des-
tiny grew every day more strong and
more grasping. In vain did Josephine
attempt to rule his ambition and chasten
his aims; he was an emperor, he wished
to found an empire, and by slow degrees
he made himself familiar with the
thoughts of putting her away.
When the campaign of 1809 was at
an end, hardened and narrowed, the gen-
eral came back to his wife; his former
kindness was gone, his playfulness was
checked, he consulted her but seldom,
and seldom stole upon her private hours
with that familiar love that had so often
made her heart leap. She saw that her
hours drew nigh.
It was the evening of the 20th of No-
vember, the Court were at Paris in hon-
or of the King of Saxony. Josephine
sat at her window looking down upon
the river, and musing on the dark fate
before her, when she heard Napoleon's
step at her door. She sprang to open it,
using her usual exclamation, "mon ami!"
He embraced her so affectionately that
for an instant all her fears and woes
were calmed. She led him to a chair,
placed herself at his feet, and looking
up into his face, smiled through her
tears.

"Are you unhappy, Josephine," said
the emperor.
"Not with you, sire."
"Bah!" said he quickly. "Why call
me sire? These shows of state steal all
true joy from us."
"Then why seek them?" answered
Josephine.
The emperor made no reply. "You
are now the first of men," she continued.
"Why not quit war, turn ambition out
of your counsels, bend your thoughts on
the good of France, live at home among
those that love you?"
"Josephine," said he, turning his face
from her, "it is not I, it is France that
demands the sacrifice."
"Are you sure of that, my lord?" said
his wife. "Have you probed your heart
to the bottom? Is it not ambition that
prompts you to seek reasons for repudi-
ating me?—for, think not, Napoleon, I
misunderstand you; are you sure it is
the love of France?"
Every word that she spoke touched
him to the quick; and rising hastily, he
replied, "Madame, I have my reasons.
Good evening."
"Stay, sire," said she, taking hold of
his arm. "We must not part in anger.
I submit. It is not my nature to op-
pose your will; I love you too deeply.
Nor shall I cease to love you, Napoleon,
because I am to leave your throne and
your side. If you still go on victorious,
I shall rejoice with you; if reverse come
I will lay down my life to comfort you.
I will pray for you morning and night,
and in the hope that sometimes you
will think of me."
Hardened as he was, Napoleon had
loved his wife deeply and long, and her
submission to his stern resolve—her
calm but mournful dignity—her unshak-
able love, moved even him; and for a
moment affection struggled with ambi-
tion. He turned to embrace her again.
But in that moment her face and form
had changed. Her eyes were lit with a
fire like that of insanity, and her whole
person seemed inspired. He felt him-
self in the presence of a superior being.
She led him to the window and threw it
open. A thin mist rested upon the Seine
and over the gardens of the palace—all
around was silent; among the stars that
before them, one was far brighter than
the rest; she pointed to it.
"Don't you see," she said, "that star is
mine; to that and not to yours was prom-
ised empire; through me and through
my destinies you have risen; part from
me and you fall. The spirit of her that
forsook me rises to royalty even now
communes with my spirit and tells me
that your fate hangs on mine. Believe
me or not, if you believe not, walk asun-
der you will leave no empire behind you
and will see yourself in shame and sor-
row, and with a broken spirit."
He turned away sick at heart, and
overwhelmed by the words of one whose
destiny had been so strangely accom-
plished. Ten days were passed in re-
solves and counter-resolves—and then
the link that bound him to fortune was
broken. Josephine was divorced—and
as he said himself at St. Helena—from
that hour his fall began.
Josephine was divorced, but her love
did not cease; in her retirement she en-
joyed all her successes, and prayed
that he might be saved from the fruits
of his foul ambition. When his son was
born, she only regretted that she was
not near him in his happiness; and when
he was taken prisoner to Elba she begged
that she might share his prison, and re-
ceive his woes. Every article that he
had used at his residence remained as he
left it; she would not let a chair be
moved. The book in which he had
been last reading was there, with the
page doubled down, and the pen that
he had last used, was by it, with the
ink dried on its point. When her
death drew nigh, she wished to sell her
jewels to send the fallen emperor money;
and her will was submitted to his cor-
rection. She died before his return from
Elba; but her last thoughts were of him
and France, and her last words ex-
pressed the hope and belief "that she had
never caused a single tear to flow. She
was buried in the village church of Reel,
and her body was followed to the grave,
not alone by princes and generals, but
by two thousand poor whose hearts had
been made glad by her beauty."
Her marble monument bears only this
inscription:
"EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE."
What a fund for future writers is her
character and fate; and what a lesson to
all of us whether in prosperity or adver-
sity?

The Court of Errors.—Before
adjoining their special sitting, held
in Columbia last week, the Court of
Errors announced its decision, among
others, on the case of "Wright Sullivan"
freedman, vs. the State, con-
victed of highway robbery at Laurens.
The appeal was dismissed and sen-
tence of death pronounced by Judge
Aldrich.
Our readers will remember, many of
them, the great zeal and ability with
which this freedman was defended by
his former master, Hon. C. P. Sullivan,
on his trial here in the General Ses-
sions. When a verdict of "guilty,"
was rendered here, his former owner
determined to try all means to save
him, appealed and was in attendance
upon the Court of Errors to represent
the case; but guilt must be punished.
The generous and noble sentiment
animating the bosom of the old mas-
ter, in this case, to see justice strictly
and impartially meted out to his
former slave does credit and honor to his
heart; we know also that it is not an
uncommon sentiment, but on the con-
trary animates the heart of every mas-
ter towards his former slave in spite of
great ingratitude in many cases. At
the old plantation home the negro finds
his best friend, and many of the race
are beginning to appreciate the fact
and want to go back home. Who
does not sympathize with them in their
troubles, though they cannot shake
their filthy rags and suffering at us,
and say that we did it. A few short years
and their race in this country is run.
To be put in competition and upon a
level with a white race to make a liv-
ing, is starvation for the negro. Al-
ready we feel that their numbers de-
crease in our midst with rapid bound-
—sickness from uncleanness and
vice, with emigration to richer fields
and sunnier climes, will soon cause
the places that once knew them here
to know them no more forever.—*Lawrenceville Herald.*

SKATING.—The way a "green un-
tried skater" is found described in
these words, to wit:
"A slant to the right with the right
foot, a slant to the left with the left
foot—and just then we saw something
on the ice and stooped to pick it up.
On our feet again—two slants to the
right and one to the left with the left
foot—and just then we saw something
and stooped to pick it up. On our feet
again—two slants to the right and one
to the left accompanied with a loss of con-
fidence. Another slant with the right
foot, and we sat down with fearful rap-
idity, but with very little, if any, ele-
gance. What a set down it was, for we
made a dent in the ice no smaller than
an old-fashioned butter bowl! Just then
one of the ladies remarked: 'Oh look, Mary,
that fellow with the hat, ain't got his
skates on the right place!' Ditto,
thought we. Just then a ragged little
boy came up to us and said, 'Hello,
old timer! and we rose suddenly and
put after him. Three slides to the
right and two to the left, and away went
our legs, one to the east and another to
the west, causing an immense fissure in
our pants, and a picture of a latter-day
lady—she knew she was one by the re-
mark she made—again spoke and said:
'Oh look, Mary, that chap with the hat
on has sat down on his handkerchief to
keep him from kicking cold.' We rose
about as graceful as a saw horse, when
Mary said, 'Guess it 'aint a handker-
chief, Jane,' and Mary was right."

CURIOSITIES OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES.—
Mr E. J. Wood has recently pub-
lished "Curiosities of Clocks and Watches
from the Earliest Times," a gossip-
y and readable account of the most famous
time pieces in the world, illustrated with
all sorts of anecdotes bearing upon re-
lating to the subject. The costliest
watch that was ever made is said to
have been one which was constructed in
1814 for the Sultan Abdul Medjid, who
presented it to his favorite, the Empress,
since it was five inches in diameter, and
struck the hours and quarters on wires,
with a sound resembling that of a por-
celain cathedral clock. It cost twelve hun-
dred guineas. Another famous watch
was noted for its smallness. It was in-
serted in the top of a pencil case, and
though it was but three sixteenths of an
inch in diameter, its dial not only indi-
cated the hours, minutes and seconds,
but also the days of the month. It was
made in Geneva, and was displayed in
the Exhibition of 1851.

The cypress of Somma, in Lombardy,
Italy, is perhaps the oldest tree on re-
cord. It was known to be in existence
in the time of Julius Caesar, forty-two
years before Christ, and is, therefore,
more than 1,900 years old. It is 105
feet high and twenty feet in circumfer-
ence at one foot from the ground. Na-
poleon, when laying down the plan for
his great road over the Simplon, a por-
tion of the Alps, diverged from a straight
line to avoid injuring this tree. The
honor of a superior antiquity, however,
is claimed by some in behalf of the im-
mense and valuable tree in Calaveras
County, California, which is supposed,
from the number of concentric circles in
the trunk, to be 2,285 years old.

His Excellency Gov. Orr arrived in
this city yesterday, from Washington;
but, we are informed, leaves for An-
derson this morning.—*Phanix.*

Agricultural and Horticultural.

The Kitchen Garden.

Continue to complete all unfinished
operations, heretofore directed, such as
the preparation of the ground, by trench-
ing, digging, laying out, and applying
manures. This is the busy season in
Southern gardens. Your beds should
have been deeply dug or sub-soiled dur-
ing the preceding month, and heavily
manured upon the surface, and the man-
ure lightly covered with the plow.
Manures applied deeply have compara-
tively but little immediate effect. Want
of manure is the great want of South-
ern gardens, and for this cause only
Lettuce and Cabbage refuse to head,
Radishes grow slowly, and are peppery
and stringy—Onions will not bulb,
Turnips are of small size, hot and fib-
rous. Beets are late and lack sweetness.
In short everything fails in succulence,
flavor and earliness. Beets are more
troublesome on the feeble plants of un-
manured gardens. We saw at Cincin-
nati more manure piled up to be applied
to market gardens of two or three acres,
already black with rot, than our plant-
ers put upon plantations of five
hundred acres, gardens, &c. &c. What
is the use of plowing, digging, harrow-
ing, weeding and hoeing, unless there is
richness enough in the soil to make a
first-rate crop? See article on Irish po-
tatoes. To those who lack good com-
post manure, we advise the application
of Peruvian Guano, as a surface dress-
ing, sown now, and lightly plowed in—
500 lbs. per acre will be none too much.
Apply, also, Super-Phosphate of Lime,
with the seed, and as their is great dif-
ference in the value of this article, get
the best. We never intend, hereafter,
to plant Radishes, Turnips, Cabbage,
and a good many garden crops, without
a liberal dressing of Super-phosphate.
Fresh stable manures should no longer
be applied, except to wheat, corn, beans
and the later and coarser crops are to be
grown. Reserve the rest carefully, and
what is not needed for pot beds, make
into compost, with turf swamp earth, or
leaf mould. Press forward the work in
good weather or you will find yourself
behind hand the coming month. Still,
do not be hasty in sowing. In this lat-
tude, the seeds of the early sorts of radishes
should not be committed to the earth
until nearly the last of the month. Early
crops, if not already put in, of Peas,
Irish Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Lettuce,
Cabbages, Radishes, and the main crop
of Onions, Leeks, Parsnips and Spinach,
should be planted at once. Cover fine
seeds, and indeed all seeds, with fine soil.
Do not expect the vegetable force of
seeds to press upward the tender shoot
through small rocks, or hard lumps of
clay.

The last of the month, plant early
Corn, Okra, Beets, Carrots and Parsnips.
Look over the select lists of seed in this
number, and lay in a full stock.
Roots of all kinds should be set out in
place, as Sage, Thyme, Rindubar, So-
kale, &c. If you have no Asparagus
bed, procure roots, if possible, and make
one at once. If you cannot get roots
sow the seed, and raise young plants to
form the bed next season.
Cabbages raised in hot beds or kept
over in a cold frame, may be planted
out the last of the month. We succeed
better with winter Cabbage, if sown in
April.
Hot beds and cold frames should now
all be put in requisition to bring forward
early Tomatoes, Peppers, Egg Plants
&c.

ROTATION OF TURNIPS.—NEWBURN,
N. C., Dec. 1.—EDITOR AM. FARMER:
DEAR SIR: I have recently been read-
ing a treatise on "English farming,"
and find that in some particulars it
might be applied with profit to the
western part of this State. We have
the most summer pastures for cattle,
sheep and hogs, but they get poor in
winter, because cotton and Indian
corn is the chief product of this sec-
tion. The one they cannot eat,
the other commands too high a price,
(so the producer thinks) and in this
way stock is poor in spring, if indeed
they survive until that time.
Turnips, as I read, has revolution-
ized husbandry in England. Man and
beast fare sumptuously on them, and
so it could be here, and also for a short
period.
Little attention and labor produces
large yields on almost any land.
Sow them broadcast among corn on
our swamp lands, and the lands will be
literally acres of turnips; yet they
profit us little, from the simple fact
that we have not yet learned how to
keep them for winter use. I have
put them in dry cellars, they shrivel
up, and become dry and useless before
spring. I have banked them in heaps
as we do sweet potatoes, and they
variably heat and rot in a very short
time. The article I allude to, as
a living read, only teaches the cultivation
we have no difficulty on this
part. It says not one word of the
mode of preserving for late use. If
you will inform us you will do the
country a service.

Root crops must, in this section, to
a great extent, take the place of
cereals; and I hope, between this and
spring, you will tell us something
about beets, carrots and parsnips, as
well as turnips. Respectfully,
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well as turnips. Respectfully,
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We cannot speak confidently of a
remedy for the difficulty mentioned

by our correspondent, but will sug-
gest that it may be met by allowing
the crop to stay in the field unharvested,
taking up not more than a week's
supply at one time. Turnips will
stand pretty hard frosts, and in the
latitude of our correspondent may
preserve their feeding qualities thro'
winter. A pasture of early sown rye
should be provided for spring.—Ed.
AM. FARMER.

COMPOUNDING MANURES.—There
is no soil so fertile, naturally, as not
to be improvable by the application
of some extraneous substance.

All green vegetables, and all sub-
stances, whether vegetable or animal,
as well as many mineral matters,
come in here to aid and assist us.
The mould which reposes beneath the
forest; the dark muck that is exposed
in the beds of ponds and lakelets; the
refuse vegetable productions, and the
decomposable substances which are
presented everywhere, are all adapted
to the purpose of making manure.

In forming composts from green
vegetable substance of all kinds, sul-
phuric acid should be freely used.
Sprinkling the heaps daily with a gill
of acid diluted with two thousand
times that quantity of water, will add
greatly to the efficiency of the com-
post by absorbing and fixing the am-
monia and carbonic acid which are al-
ways copiously evolved during the
process of decomposition by all kinds
of manure.—*Gen. Tl.*

COMMERCIAL MANURES.—Editors of
Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel.—GEN-
TLEMEN:—Your well-timed and forcible
article in your issue of the 22d
inst., on commercial manures, inviting
those who have tried any of them to
publish the result of their experiments,
has induced me to avail myself of your
invitation and give my experience.

Believing, as you do, that if we want
to labor successfully under the present
labor system, we must cultivate less
land, and cultivate it better; that is,
prepare the soil carefully and manure
abundantly. I determined last year to
try what deep plowing, assiduous at-
tention at the proper time, and artificial
fertilizing could do, as compared with
the old system of scratching the land
with an instrument called a "Scraper,"
and leaving the atmosphere to supply
the elements of fertility.

I cultivated a few acres of thin red
clay land adjoining my residence, and
planted corn, cotton, Irish potatoes,
turnips, and the usual garden vegeta-
bles. I had the land well broken with
two-horse turn plows, then cross plowed,
and then bedded. All this was
done in season and at the proper inter-
vals of time. I used the fertilizer known
as Reid's Phosphate, manufactured by
Messrs. Brightwell & Barron at Ma-
ley's Depot, Oglethorpe county, Ga. I
selected this because I knew the Manu-
facturers, and was confident that the
article was unadulterated, because I be-
lieved that the Super-Phosphates of
lime are the most valuable of all the
manufactured manures, from the fact
that they stimulate the crop and per-
manently improve the soil, and because
this fertilizer was the only one of *Santa-
ria* manufacture. I sowed it in the
rows of cotton, and in the hills of corn
at the rate of 250 lbs. to the acre, and
I planted the seed on the manure, and I
cannot better give you the result than
by referring you to the following certi-
ficate which I give the manufacturers at
the end of the year:

ATLANTA, November 6th, 1866.
Messrs. Brightwell & Barron—GEN-
TLEMEN: I have used Reid's Phosphate
this year on cotton, corn, Irish potatoes,
garden vegetables, and grass, and have
found it to be the most valuable fertil-
izer I know. On fourteen acres of poor
red land, near Athens, I have picked
over five bales of cotton. I have gath-
ered twenty-three and a half bales of
corn to the acre, and the grass seeds
sown in my front yard in April with-
stood the protracted drought of this
year, and are now as thick and strong
as if I had sowed the space which they
cover. Of Irish potatoes and garden
vegetables, I have had an unusually
large crop. My onions from seed were
farther than any I ever raised before from
bottoms. So certain am I that your
fertilizer is the best thing to renew our
lands and give us healthy and early
crops, I mean to use it next year on
my plantation, in Oglethorpe county, to
as great an extent as my means will
allow.

Without manure, with so unpropor-
tionate an agricultural season as that of last
year, I should not have made more than
from 200 to 250 pounds of seed cotton,
and from 300 to 500 bushels of corn. I
remarked that this phosphate gave the
crops a start as to enable it to bear
the drought—that it matured the cotton
earlier than any other artificial manure
(except genuine Peruvian guano) I ever
saw tried, and that its fertilizing prop-
erties are not exhausted by the crop to
which it is applied. I tested the
last noted property by planting turnips
where I had previously planted and
gathered an unusually abundant yield of
Irish potatoes, and without any addi-
tional manures I had as large a crop, both
in quantity and quality, as I ever saw.
The character of the manufacturers is
a guarantee against fraud or deception
as to this manure; and this renders it
especially valuable to planters grow-

ing none of whom can afford to pay \$100
per ton of 2,000 lbs. for dirt with a
gummosh odor.
I can only say in conclusion, and
without attempting to judge of other
fertilizers, that I mean to use Reid's
phosphate on my plantation on every
acre I plant; I intend to plant no more
than I can manure abundantly.
Very respectfully yours,
WILLIAM M. BROWN.

The following remarks of the ad-
vantage of book-keeping are from the
Physiological Journal.

"If the internal revenue shall cause
farmers, manufacturers, all classes to
'keep accounts' of incomes and out-
goes, and for what we think it will be
worth millions to the country. The
present slipshod manner with many
is ruinous. How few there are who
know exactly how they stand—whether
they are gaining or losing! and how-
almost universal is the habit of
erring 'hard times,' when if the great
leaks were stopped, all would go well
and each have plenty. One 'saves at
the spit and waste at the bung-
hole,' and for want of accurate ac-
counts seems insensible as to the causes
of his being forever 'short of means'
to carry on his work. Another be-
comes thrifty and foreboded by care-
ful attention to his accounts. Every
man ought to have his business so
clearly recorded that he can tell in a
moment to a fraction exactly what he
is worth, what he is making or losing
on each particular item, be it grain,
fruits, flesh, or other productions.
But how few there are who do it. If
the book under notice will serve to
systematize this thing; if it will
enable and induce men to keep
accounts, it will, we repeat, be
worth millions to our country in dol-
lars; and that which money cannot
buy, namely, that peace of mind
which results from a perfect knowl-
edge of our affairs."

MANURE.—Viewed by the light
of undeniable facts, good manure has
substantially the reproductive func-
tion of good seed corn; and the
partial fact should not remain hid-
den under a bushel that, while most
farmers save their seed-corn with
commendable care, they waste seed-
manure as though it had no value
whatever. Two hundred pounds of
manure will fairly seed an acre, if it
is sound, and of the right sort. It
is this kind of seed that enabled Mr.
Dickson to raise three times more cot-
ton seed on an acre than would grow
without it; and this excess of cotton-
seed, used as a manure for corn and
field peas, more than doubled his
crops for feeding hogs and cattle.
From these he produced meat to sell
on a cotton plantation, and such
heaps of hog manure of the richest
kind, as might rejoice any owner of
pinney woods land. Deep plowing en-
abled his first seed manure, his cotton
seed manure, and that from hogs, cat-
tle and mules, to operate with double
the effect on both soluble and insoluble
salts in the soil.—*Am. Farmer.*

POULTRY.—HOW TO PREPARE IT.
A correspondent at Greensboro, North
Carolina, wants information on this
subject. There is no book or publica-
tion that he can resort to. The prac-
tice is, mainly, to haul the raw mate-
rial to some spot where it may be
spread and dried in the sun, and to
mix it with earth, ashes, or any re-
fuse that will help to dry it, and
make it fit to handle. It makes most
valuable manure, and should never be
wasted where it is possible to put it
in condition for use. To make it
portable, it is important to use the
least quantity of drying material that
will answer the purpose; but, if it is
to be hauled short distances only, it is
of less consequence.

Select Lists of Vegetables.
It is well at this season, preparatory
to putting in our garden crops, to look
over the long Catalogues of the Seed-
men, and select from them those vari-
eties which are really most estimable.
We shall, in doing this, omit many fan-
cy varieties, and confine our selection
to tested and approved staple sorts.
Artichokes.—Those who fancy this
vegetable, prefer the Green Globe. The
seeds are thicker and higher flavoured.

Asparagus.—Giant Purple Top; so
named from the large size and purplish
tint of its young shoots.
Beans, Snap or Bush.—Early Six
Weeks, Extra Early Six Weeks, Early
China, are the earliest; Early Valentine
Ridge, White Marrow and Dwarf Hol-
land, are esteemed late varieties.
The White Marrow is one of the prin-
cipal sorts of which the dry seeds grown
for winter use, are sold in the Northern
markets.
Beans, Running.—Large White Lu-
ma is the best flavored pole or running
Bean, but the Carolina, or Butter Bean
is more prolific. For late Snap Beans,
the White Running Bean, grown so
generally in our corn fields, and the
Carolina Running Bean are very pro-
ductive. The White sort is an excel-
lent winter bean.
The earliest Beet is the Extra Early
or Bamboe, and it is of excellent quality.
The best for common use is the Blood
Turnip, as it is sown quite early, and if
sown in July and August, will remain
sweet all winter—the root being so well
in the ground as to be protected from
ordinary winter frosts. Turnip Beets, too

will grow on shallow soil. The long
blood is also a good variety, especially
the kind that grows entirely under the
ground. The White Sugar is a very
sweet and excellent variety for the table,
and useful for stock. The Yellow
Globe Manger Wurtzel, is, however,
the best variety for stock. In Southern
Gardens, the sorts that grow above
ground, are objectionable for winter
use.

Borecole, or Kale.—The Purple and
Dwarf Green Borecole are excellent
winter vegetables.

Broccoli.—The Purple Cape variety is
best.
Cabbage.—Of early sorts, select Early
York for the first; Early Wakefield
Early Drumhead or Battersea, Early
Winningdale, and French Oxheart, are
the best second early; while for winter
use, Flat Dutch, Bergen and Drumhead
are standard sorts. The Mason, Stone
Mason and Marblehead Mammoth, are
very popular new late cabbages. The
North Carolina or Bamboe is a dis-
tinct and excellent variety for winter;
but pure seed is hard to be obtained.
Drumhead Savoy is excellent.

Carrot.—Early Scarlet Horn is the
earliest Long Orange is the best for a
general crop, and is good for stock,
though for the latter purpose the White
Belgium is much used. Carrots must
be sown this month as a field crop to be
profitable.

Cauliflower.—Early Walcheren and
Early London are the best.